

St Joseph.

The house I built at Nazareth  
Designed with loving care  
To be cool in heat & warm in cold  
For my gentle Lady fair.

The cradle I made at Nazareth  
Was well & neatly done,  
All carved about with Angel guards  
For my little Foster Son.

The garden I dug at Nazareth  
With ~~heads~~ in tidiest rows,  
And flowers sweet for my Lady's joy,  
The lily & the rose.

No house have we in Nazareth  
By God's mysterious call;  
The blazing sand our footsteps tread,  
The desert makes our hall.

No cradle has her little Son  
Save in our loving arms;  
No shelter for his tender head  
Save desert's waving palms.

P.T.O.

No flowers for my lovely wife  
 Save stars above her head;  
 Beneath our feet the cactus grows,  
 God's manna all our bread.

St. Mary. My kindest Husband do not grieve  
 That we should exiled be;  
 In God own time we shall return  
 To the home you built for me.

There you shall teach our little Son  
 To be a craftsman true;  
 The building up of pure designs,  
 The making all things new.

See how my sweetest Baby smiles;  
 He takes it all as fun;  
 His garden is of all the world  
 For He is God's own Son!